

THE IDEA



University of Kentucky

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LEXINGTON, KY., NOVEMBER 27, 1913

No. 11

Wildcats and Volunteers In Final Struggle

Best Offering of Season to Close Wildcats 1913 Schedule, and Issue is Uncertain.

TENNESSEE FAVORITE AT SMALL ODDS.

The Line-Up.

Kentucky.	Tennessee.
Zerfoss 147	LE. Carroll 165
Crutcher 163	LT. Haley (c) 172
Bailey 154	LG. Kerr 186
Brown 168	C. McLean 162
Woodson 179	RG. Bayer 188
Downing 156	RT. Kelly 200
Roth 136	RE. McClure 152
Park 168	QB. May 140
Tuttle 168	LH. Thomasson 155
Hite 155	RH. Rainey 153
Scott (c) 155	FB. Lindsay 155

Officials.

Referee—Pinneo, Northwestern.
Umpire—Ver Weibe, Harvard.
Head Linesman—Caswell, Georgetown.

Time of Periods—15 minutes each.

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+ Coach Brummage—"We will meet a team that is as heavy, as fast and as experienced as we are, and we'll have to fight from the start."
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+ Coach Clevenger—"Tennessee is in the pink of condition and will carry the fight from the start."
+++++

The stage is set for the Wildcats' last appearance on Stoll Field this season. This afternoon, the Blue and White eleven will meet the eleven from the University of Tennessee, in

what promises to be the best game of the year. Local football enthusiasts figure that Tennessee is the favorite at small odds, but it is just this margin that will make the Wildcats deliver the old fight when the whistle blows. The advance sale of box seats has been heavy and all the reserved section has been sold. Indications point to a crowd of 5,000 and Stoll Field will present a truly Turkey Day aspect when Pinneo blows his whistle at 2 o'clock. Numbers of old grads and visitors have already arrived and in spite of the counter attraction of the Central-Transy game on the north side numbers of Lexington boys will journey to the Blue and White gridiron to see a real contest.

Coach Clevenger and his men have arrived in the city, and seem certain of taking the Wildcats' measure. When interviewed by an Idea reporter he stated that the Volunteers were in the pink of condition and would give the Wildcats the best they had in fast, aggressive work.

There is no available dope based on comparative scores. The following are the respective season records of the two teams.

Tennessee.
58—Carson-Newman 0
95—Grant University 0
75—Maryville 0
7—Sewanee 16
9—Davidson 0
21—University of Chattanooga 0
6—Vanderbilt 7
0—Alabama 0
—
271—Opponents 29

State.
21—Butler 7
0—Illinois 21
21—Ohio Northern 0
27—Cincinnati 7
28—Earlham 10
32—Wilmington 0
20—Louisville 0
—
149—Opponents 45

"Gip" Downing is left tackle, and is a product of the Sweetland regime, and is a game, scrapping Wildcat, every inch of him. Watch "Gip" work.

(Continued on Page Eight.)



JAMES PARK.

Kentucky knows Jim quite well. Tennessee will have a grand introduction to him this afternoon. He will play quarterback with 168 pounds, all of which is head and generalship. Tennessee could well watch this boy.

OUR THANKSGIVING'S DAY.

Just to see our Wildcats nimble Break the line of Tennessee; Aye, Kentucky's men don't tremble, But play fair, for victory.

Just a tender leg of turkey, And the game with Tennessee— Talk of balls, and wines, and banquets— That were wine enough for me.

Just for pale and dying Autumn, And our dream of liberty, Game and turkey, home and country, That let our Thanksgivings be.

Don't forget The IDEA Dance tomorrow afternoon, 2:30 to 5:30, at Armory. Thomas' Saxophone Trio.



Paul Hite, '14, alias "Pauline," has proven his ability as one of the fleetest half backs who ever wore the Blue and White, and his heavy gains on end runs have been a factor in making Kentucky's season a successful one.

Louisville Cardinals Mourn To the Music of 20 to 0

The Felines Pur and Rage Down Eclipse Park, Unhindered by the Incarnadines.

FOUR THOUSAND WATCH A HARD BATTLE

The whirlwind attack of the Wildcat backfield was good for 20 points in last Saturday's game with the University of Louisville. In blanking the Falls City eleven, the Wildcats won undisputed title to State championship.

Louisville football fans had figured the Blue and White a favorite at 3 to 1, and the favorite's performance was consistent. Kentucky's forward passes and end runs were beyond the ken of the Cardinal defense, and the issue of the game was never in doubt. Perfect blocking on the part of Hite, Scott and Tuttle, and the superb passing of Turkey Park, together with the ability of the whole Kentucky eleven to follow the ball made the victory possible.

The Louisville line was the strongest defensive proposition the Wildcats have met this season. For the first time this fall, the Blue and White forwards were unable to prevent the opposing linemen from sifting through, and Turkey was given his first experience of the season in having one of his punts blocked. Aside from the good work of the Cardinal line, Larson's team played in poor form. The backs had no idea of blocking, nor of picking holes, and the open field tackling of the team was woefully weak. The Cardinals had one good fake forward pass, and occasionally gained a few yards on a tackle-over-tackle play, but otherwise their offense was harmless. Black failed to live up to his reputation as a drop-kicker and both his efforts went wild. He should win a place however on an all-Kentucky team through his good defensive work. He seemed to be the only Cardinal who could break up Kentucky end runs, and his tackling was superb. Captain Walker and Dunwig, the big Louisville tackles, put up a great game and soon divorced Park from all idea of sending a buck over their stations.

Saturday was another "Turkey" Day. Park piloted the Wildcats in superb style, and his passing was the main factor in Kentucky's victory. Tuttle and Hite played a whirlwind game, and Scott's blocking and his returning of punts and kick-offs gave Louisville fans a demonstration of how a good fullback ought to work. Crutcher suffered a twisted leg in the early part of the game, but gamely handed Captain Walker the time of his young life till State bucked over her last touchdown. Tom Zerfoss delivered a classy article and his defensive work was especially good.

The day was delightful for spectators, but decidedly too warm for the players. The stands at Eclipse Park were packed with 5,000 enthusiasts.

and the yelling of both factions was deafening. Four hundred State students, including the band, made the trip in a special train, and at the game occupied one section of the grand stand.

The Wildcats came on the field to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home," and after a nerve racking delay the whistle blew. Black kicked to Scott who returned it to the 35-yard line. In a few minutes Kentucky, using straight football, rushed the ball to Louisville's 4-yard line only to be held for downs. Black punted 45 yards and Park returned 15. Turkey varied the attack and two successive forward passes to Tuttle gave State a touchdown. Tuttle kicked goal.

The rest of the half the play was fast and scrappy. Louisville lost possible chances to score by fumbling and Black missed a drop-kick from the 40-yard line. Near the end of the second quarter, Kentucky started a march toward the Cardinal goal, and in spite of two 15-yard penalties and in intercepting forward pass, Hite took a long pass from Turkey 20 yards over the goal line only to fumble on being heavily tackled just as the half was up.

In the third quarter a spectacular 45-yard forward pass, Park to Zerfoss, gave Kentucky a second touchdown. It was during the remainder of this period that Louisville showed her best offensive work and the ball was mostly in State's territory. In the last quarter, after Park had gone out and

(Continued on Page Eight.)



William Tuttle, is from Somerset, known in University parlance as "Squirrely," is one of the most powerful backs Kentucky has ever produced.

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THANKSGIVING
WILDCAT PRODIGY"THE SQUAW MAN" SEEN
FROM OUR FOOTLIGHTS

An Unusual Animal, Rich in Wonders.

The most marvelous specimen of has recently been seen in the neighborhood of Lexington in the past two days. Two glimpses of the beast have been had and the seers have called it the most intricate construction of leg and tail that the omnipotent and divine genius ever devised. The cat had limbs so strong that he could leap a measured one hundred feet on a dying level. He could cross a large stream the size of Kentucky River at a single inadvertent bound and land on the intended victim within a hair's breadth. When he screamed the farthest leaves in the forest would rustle in submissive dread. The most harrowing, heart-spanking, blood-bursting, skin-covered feline quadruped ever slipped into the blinking vision of one born of God. Ye Holy, Olympian Deities, what a cat! It is said that the body of the wonder was garbed not in hair, but rather a dull chocolate-hued fleece of wool, making him an added phantom of Dante's infernal summer home. His teeth were of boundless dimensions, having the keenness of needles and the strength and curvature of a Tuscan trumpet. So long were his claws that as he ran, at a gallop hither and yon, the grass, dirt and loosened stones fogged behind him like the lost garments of a frightened south wind. His visage was so horrible and grim that, when he drank in a clear pool or rivulet, he had to close his eyes to keep from being terrified by the sight of his own disgruntled countenance. He had nine lives and a tail for every life, being nine tails. No one can decipher the use of so many tails unless it is to make people notice him and afford the old world a new tale to think upon. So if we add this tale to his already nine he will have ten which is enough to make him all tale.

EARLY CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

Five names in one family show who was boss in Mother Eve's time: "Adam," Seth Eve, "Cain Abel."

Birds in their little nest agree
To keep from "falling out," you see.

Keep to the right and you won't get left.

"THE DAZE OF THE WEAK."

Bill Johnson was a poor man's Sun. When this tale starts he had no Mon. Says he, "I've just some ones and Tues."

I'll Wed. Miss Gold, I know she'll choose."

He died from shock, she lisped, "No Thur."

He's where souls frl., we must infer.
The coroner on him Sat. and so
Another Sun. now gets a show.

+++++
+ Don't forget The IDEA Dance +
+ tomorrow afternoon, 2:30 to +
+ 5:30, at Armory. Thomas' Sax- +
+ ophons Trio. +
+++++

The Strollers Present a Thrilling Tale of Western Border Life—Miss Porter the Starring Lady.

The lovers of histrionics among the students were delighted with the double-scene piece of art given from the chapel stage on last Monday afternoon at 3:45 o'clock.

The leading man on the bill board was Mr. Henry C. Morrison, soon to be in the U. S. diplomatic service in Porto Rico. In the "Lost Paradise" given at Lexington and Louisville playhouses last season Mr. Morrison was an actor of surpassinguster and his handling of the squaw man's part last Monday is a fit subject for any dramatic critic to work upon. None could refrain from admiring the unusual poise and unruffled demeanor of "The Squaw Man," even in the burst and hustle of Danger.

Mr. Leo J. Sandman, playing "Railroad Ike," was a "thirty night" success, because he is somehow fitted for the part or else he has a divine aptitude for fitting himself for the part.

In the opening scene we felt the dread and seriousness of a rowdy, pistol-in-the-pocket barroom in the far west. Mr. Bernard Roth was the "bar keep," while James McConnell, Pete Leibovitz, Sheriff Graham and Tom Williams were the customers, gamblers, gun men and bravos of the neighborhood until the freight-train pistoladed Railroad Ike came and stood the whole gang against the wall.

Chief White Buffalo and his daughter, the squaw, came for firewater and was about to barter 20,000 acres of land for two-inches-in-a-quart bottle of firewater, when the Squaw Man intercepts.

Miss Porter, as the squaw, was unapproached either in make-up or in her thespian conduct of the part. Mr. Blevins, as Chief White Buffalo, came after firewater and got fireworks.

The only thing that did not combine with an appreciative, cultured and quiet audience to help the performance produce howls was the uncanny curtain which would sneak on its moorings, hang in its own intricacies of construction and then prolong the scene by refusing to come down.

At the meeting of the Strollers after the performance, the club received several new members.

STROLLERS.

After the little play Monday afternoon, the members of the club remained for the first real business meeting of the year. The names of the applicants for membership were voted upon, and those lucky enough to have been elected, will, in due time be notified by post card.

The stage manager for this year was elected, Mr. Leo J. Sandman being unanimously chosen for that unenviable position. Here we seized the opportunity of publicly declaring that when we select anyone to act as stage manager we intend it as a compliment, for a stage manager must be possessed of a level head, clear vision, wary

feet, infinite patience, and besides all that he MUST be a consistent, persistent, relentless, desistless, fluent cussler. Practically the same virtues are necessary for the business manager, and Mr. E. F. Danforth qualified for that job. Here's wishin' 'em luck! Mr. H. C. Morrison, the former president, tendered his resignation which was accepted with much regret, for we are sorry indeed to lose him. However, "needs must when the devil drives," and the club flatters itself that the best possible successor was elected when Mr. J. E. Boiling was elected.

The committee for choosing the play to be given this year, was then named. It consists of the president, the stage manager, Miss Christine Hopkins, Mr. N. M. Williams, and Prof. Farquhar.

The program committee is already at work on the program for the next meeting, due Friday, December 5th. The hour will be announced later.

WEDDINGS

Southgate—Earle

Mrs. Jessie Sayre had company in her agony last Tuesday afternoon. Thomas Earle, former student here, was married as the "bridegroom" of Miss Elinore Southgate, of Lexington. Tommy used to play guard on our football team, but in this last game of his he has quit guarding entirely and has begun to play the position of tackle. The bride is the daughter of the Rev. Edward Southgate on East Fourth Street. The bridegroom was president of his class in the Senior year, captain of the football team and president of the Honor System, being one of the most popular men that ever attended here.

The happy little couple left soon after the sad ceremony was said, to go to Mattoon, Illinois, to live in the strength of union.

Creekmore—Gnadinger.

At the Park Avenue Methodist Church last Tuesday afternoon Miss Cora Creekmore was handed over in marriage to Mr. C. B. Gnadinger. Mr. Gnadinger is a graduate in the Course of Chemistry of this school, being an honor student of very high standing. Mrs. Gnadinger was also a student here, having finished in 1912 with her now husband. The couple will go immediately to Chicago, where they will make their home and be happy every moment of a long and useful life.

Wilson—Sayre, at Washington.

The whim of marriage is nationwide. Mrs. Sayre was not from Lexington, but she had friends here. Every personage of high degree who does marriage is known in Lexington. The wedding will be a lasting memory to the young couple's many Lexington friends. The whole city, all of whom are in some way connected with either the bride or groom, wishes them a sweet little voyage on life's rough and charming creek.

A gallant young hunter named Funk, Caught an ice striped cat while quite drunk.

Now he's out on a tramp,
He don't dare go to camp—
For the cat that he caught was a skunk.

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A SON OF "OLD ELI."

"Fellows, what do you suppose has come over Sunny? I never see him much now. Guess he is having a hard time with that new electrical machine he's been working on since the second term of his Junior year. I don't think he'll ever get much out of that stunt—there are too many people who have tried it and failed."

"Oh, I don't think Sunny is so eager to startle the world with a new invention and be invited out to dinner at the Waldorf by the president of the A. S. M. E. You know he worked in the shops as a common machine man for a year before he came here. I've often heard him tell of the way the poor devils have to dig and sweat in the mills."

"Where did Sunny come from anyway? I've hinted around several times to find out, but he always seemed to get uneasy and began to talk about something else. I'll bet he has a history somewhere down in that great big heart of his. If you could just find out."

Larry Holton, the big right tackle of the Yale Varsity, got up slowly from the leather Morris chair and walked over to "Tiny" Doyle, the greatest southpaw twirler the White and Blue ever had, and looked down at him calmly.

"Lair," he said slowly, "maybe I ought not to tell you, but I know you'll never say anything about it to anyone. You remember the day that Harvard played us and Sunny was carried off the field unconscious?"

"How could I forget that day? You know I had every wheel I had on my old Jimriksha down on that game. Don't you remember how we all went down to Souree's for dinner after we won. But that's not all. That morning Sunny's sister came in to see her brother play that afternoon. I happened to be down town and met them on the street and got a knock-down to her. You could tell that she had never been around much by her dress and the cordial way that she took your hand. Had a grip just like Sunny's—came straight from her heart. My! But she was pretty though, and one of the most sensible little girls I have ever met anywhere."

"Well, of course I knew that her

brother couldn't take her to the game so I asked her, with the Chesterfieldian air that has made me famous, if she would go out to see the warriors of the pigskin pin another rose on Old Eli. Well, she was just tickled to death to go, so we went down to the hotel where we had a little lunch and then brought her out to the game.

"I don't think I ever say anybody enjoy a scrap like she did. I'll tell you, she just went wild when Sunny that halfback Benton behind the line and threw him for ten yards loss.

"Then when a man was laid out and the doctors were signalled for, I saw the blood rush to her cheeks and her little hands clench as she turned to me and said, 'Oh, I believe Sunny is hurt!' Of course I told her that he would be all right in a second—just got a little bump—you know. But

I knew something must be wrong, for you never saw him quit when he had strength enough in him to crawl. Well, after awhile, I saw them pick him up and start towards the big gate. She looked over at me and I saw the tears in her eyes. 'Mr. Holton, I believe my brother is seriously injured. I think I had better go to him.' I had such a lump in my throat that I couldn't speak, so I just took her by the arm and we went down.

"When we got to the Gym the fellow outside the door told us that Lair was not seriously hurt and that the doctor had left orders to admit no one.

"She walked up to the guard, her whole body trembling like a leaf, and said, 'He is my brother and he needs me. I'm going in to him,' and in she went. There he lay on the operating table, a big gash over his left ear, still as a piece of stone. She ran over to him, pushed the doctors back and bent over him. 'Sunny, she said, 'this is your little sis; you're not hurt much are you?'

"But Sunny didn't move; he was down and out. I could see it from the first glance. I'll never forget how she kissed him and cried over him. After awhile we got her away, and I took her back to the hotel. When we got there she thanked me, poor little thing, as best she could for she was in an awful fix, and said to me, 'Please go

back to Sunny, he's the only brother I have.'

"Well back to the Gym I went as fast as the old taxi could go, and hurried into the office. Wasn't much change in Sunny except he just opened his eyes now and then and mumbled something about 'hittin' hard, come on boys,' and so on.

"I dropped in every hour that night to see him until about eleven and then went down to see his sister, who was just worrying her head off.

"About three days passed and Sunny got some better, but he was still weak and looking mighty hacked. On the morning of the fourth day I went in to see him, and found him lying in bed, down at Johnson Hall, where they had taken him on the night after he was hurt.

"When I walked in he reached out his hand as best he could and after I had spoken to him about his sister and several other things, he said, 'Sit down Lair, I have something that I want to tell you. I don't guess this little scratch will amount to much, but if something does happen I want you to know what to do. I've never been much of a fellow to talk about myself and I don't suppose many of the boys know anything about me before I came here. You have been my room-mate now for three years and I have come to love you like my own brother. There is nothing I ever asked you to do that you didn't take a pleasure in, in doing, and I know that I am more grateful to you than I can ever tell. I know you will not think what I am going to ask you to do for me is too much.'

"My home is in Lexington, Kentucky. My father and mother were killed by officers in a raid on a moonshine still up in Bell county when I was fifteen. I worked in sawmills until I was twenty and saved up enough money to pay my sister's education at the State University, working my own way through. When we graduated, I came on here to Yale and she went to teach in one of the high schools. She has helped me with all the money she could get and I've made all I could at odd jobs. You are a millionaire, I am a poor boy, but we never thought of that. I went down to Bethany to the steel mills as you know, when I dropped out of school the second year after I entered.

"The work there is mighty dangerous and a man's life is always in his hand. When the long, hot rods come shooting down the drawing machine you have to stand there and grab them with a pair of tongs. If you have a quick eye and a skilled hand, good; if you miss, why, they just notify your friends, if you have any."

"Now, ever since I came back, that picture has been before my eyes, day and night, and I set to work to find out if some device could not be found which would run with the same speed as the rollers and drums and catch the rods automatically. In my room you will find a model of my invention. I know you will think it strange that I never spoke to you about it, but it was not because I did not trust you or think that you would not be interested, but because I was afraid I might fall and someone would say that I had thrown away my sister's money on an idle dream. That invention is worth not a cent less than fifty thousand dollars of anybody's money. If I don't get well, I want you to show it to the directors of the Bethlehem Steel Company and get all you can out of it. Take out a liberal commission for your work and send the rest to Lexington to my sister. I want her to be provided for during her lifetime. You will do it for me, won't you?"

"Did you think Sunny was a man like that?" said Larry, as he calmly relighted the cigar he had been absent mindedly holding in his hand all during his story.

"No, Lair, he is a bigger man than I ever dreamed. The world needs men like that and some day Old Eli will be proud of him. What became of his sister? Have you ever heard anything from her since she left?"

"Here she is," said Larry, as he pulled a photograph boyishly from his inside coat pocket, and handed it across to "Tiny."

"May four thousand dead gods—say, Lair—well, I'll be" said "Tiny," as he sank back limply into his chair.

"Yes, old spouse, that was my Waterloo, but, believe me, the little Isle of Elba is the Eden of the sea."

"Well," said "Tiny," rising and grasping his hand, "I guess I'll have to congratulate you, but I hate to do it. What are you going to do after the 'aient est jactn' and the Rubicon is crossed?"

"Sunny and I have just put through a little deal down in Pensy and—oh, well—after Marguerite and I come back from our little trip across the pond, Sunny and I will fill the contracts for a little bridge work we have under consideration."

The Industrial Chemical Society, of State University, held its third regular meeting Friday evening, Nov. 21st, at the Physics Building. No business session was held and Prof. Wm. Snyder delivered a lecture on "Radium and Radioactivity," which was greatly enjoyed by those present. President R. B. Taylor, on behalf of the society, thanked Professor Webb for his lecture. The society also wishes to extend its thanks to Mr. P. G. Savage and Dr. Bedford, of the Chemistry Department, for lectures delivered at the two previous meetings.

We have heard of the world's seven wonders and now comes the wedding of Eva Tanguay to blow the bottom out of all the wondrous mysteries of the firmament below. It is alright for the red-headed Eva to marry, but we would like to see the "gink" who had the nerve to be the groom.

Brickley said, "Let us not forget great fight put by Yale Bulldogs." And we will say, "What hornless bulls were the Tennessee Volunteers."

W. C. Wilson is here today from Stanford. "W. C." came with this glad tidings: "I don't care to have my high school team play on League Park with the 'Coo Coos,' under T. U. auspices." Good for "W. C." We hope he will live a thousand years.

"Sprig" Ebbert has come back from Schenectady New York, to see the game. "Sprig" finished in 1911.

Joe Shelby, who was graduated in 1910, is on the grounds for the game. Joe was a backfield while in school.

IDEA, IDERE, FIVI, CENTUS.

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep, And the poor little darling is "missed."

She doesn't know whether the sheep has gone To Armour, or Morris, or Swift

She's jilted her lover, too, they say,

But it's not so bad, please note, Though Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,

She's got her sweetheart's "gout."

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+ 5:30, at Armory. Thomas' Sax +

+ ophone Trio. +

+++++

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THIS SEASON.

LOEVENHARTS

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THE IDEA

THE IDEA

Published every Thursday throughout the College year by the student body of the State University of Kentucky, for the benefit of the under-graduates, alumni and faculty of the institution.

THE IDEA is the official newspaper of the University. It is issued with the view of furnishing to its subscribers all the college news of Kentucky, together with a digest of items of interest concerning the universities of other States and Canada.

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EDITORIAL

CAPTAIN SCOTT HOLDS THE KEY

Previous games have not brought sufficient press notice concerning Captain Herschel Scott, the steady but dashing young fullback, whose generalship will be seen today. A most admirable and manly force is Scott. His scholarship in the Department of Agriculture stands uneclipsed; in the association with friends he is thoroughly conversant and pleasing, while as a polite and highborn young man, his is the highest type. A vast privilege it certainly is, to have as a friend, schoolmate or acquaintance such a sterling instance of manhood. We have had the delight and thrill in former days of seeing him overwhelm Cincinnati, baffle Ohio Northern, and startle Illinois. But today is his day and this is his hour. Down ... annals of gridiron thaumaturgics his men have been fieldmasters always, and now he is making ready to crown a season of marked events with an unforgettable Thanksgiving victory.

Every student should be glad to support him and have the supreme confidence that a strong, courageous and dependable gentleman will take the field.

A DAY TO GIVE THANKS.

Tomorrow this day will be a great yesterday. Americans can be thankful for three centuries of self-dependence. The studious youth today can be grateful for the prospect of an enlarging future. Some of us should feel a sense of thanks for health. Some should be thankful for good mothers and fathers the most precious gift of the great Giver. Others there are whose gratitude is for talent and genius and position. Mrs. Jessie Wilson Sayre is thankful for her hubby, Francis, and her wedding gown, trimmed in embroidered chiffon and jeweled with seed pearls and rhinestones. Many are glad they are married, some are thankful for divorce, while a few here and there are happy single for "the fear of woman is the beginning of wisdom."

The opportunity to live and to do a kind deed is offered all and we should sow the years of our lives with the seeds of duty if harvest is expected to be abundant and plenteous.

Children should rejoice in childhood, the young should be proud of youth and the aged should be grateful for the respect and understanding that comes with years. Those who live should thank Him for life, while the dead should enjoy oblivion. The wise and unwise, the weak and strong, the sincere and charlatan, every snob and snibble of living tissue should set apart this hour to give thanks for their separate subjects of gratitude.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

(By Mary D. Stagg.)

Every girl has her ideal and no two think the same. To me there are three essential characteristics that go to make up the ideal woman. They are as follows:

The first great characteristic of the ideal woman is her physical condition. She must have a well-developed healthy body which she takes care to exercise every day. She is neat and refined in her dress, and not a model of the extreme styles of the twentieth century.

The second characteristic is her mental power. The ideal woman is college bred—not in name alone, but in reality. By this is meant that while she is at college she applies herself with all diligence to the tasks before her, of attending carefully to all instruction, making the most of every opportunity to learn still more. She never stoops to copy from other students' papers, but does her own work. She is not necessarily the star of her class, but a good student, well deserving the diploma at the end of her school work. Travel is of high value and adds a step toward approaching the ideal, but if this is not possible, much can be learned through reading books. This latter is a very necessary feature. The ideal woman is a great lover of books; not of the popular style, but of those written by Scott, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Poe and numerous others.

She must also be a lover of music and art. Although she may not be gifted with the art of painting, she can be a musician, through which she gives herself much pleasure, as well as to other people.

The woman is not ideal without a thorough knowledge of domestic arts—that is, of sewing, cooking and of home life in general. Her home must be neat and attractive, where her happiest hours are spent.

The third essential characteristic is her morality. This is the most important of all, for so much depends upon it. The ideal woman is of a strong character, possessing those traits which are most admirable. She is of optimistic temperament, shedding sunshine and happiness wherever she goes. She is an active member of some church, doing all in her power to further the Kingdom of Christ.

She applies this religion to her every day life. In perplexing matters, she is calm and thoughtful, never cross or excited. She is no tale bearer, but, on the contrary, speaks a good word for the victim of gossip, or if this cannot be, she remains quiet, never censoring anyone.

She encourages the attempts of others toward doing good. Her home is ever open to entertain her friends and church societies. She is a lover of children, and is an adviser and chum to young girls. To old people

she is respectful and considerate, and watches to see that they are comfortable. Pure of thought and gentle, she is a welcome guest everywhere.

Have you met such a person?

FORMER COMMANDANT KELLY

The students of State University are troubled keenly by the news of the tragic death of Hugh M. Kelly, former commandant here. He was one of the brightest lights in the army service. We mourn with sad hearts the death of such a brilliant, manly Kentuckian. He flew away on a voyage for the good of war and fell from his hapless craft upon the pinions of a ship of "the star line," whose haven is in the emperian. It is sad to see the best blood of youth in the tumult and hurry of life, poured out. Give us a better machine and less fatal records in the years of peace.

He gave all he had to his country, and it exchanged his doom for it. Weeping does not atone for a death like this, tears are useless. All we can do is hope more care on the part of the Government for its young soldiers.

JUNIOR JOSHINGS.

Philpot began preparations for an enjoyable Thanksgiving last week by purchasing a 42-inch belt.

Apropos of last week's announcement, "Trig" Otto has signified his intention of continuing his Trigonometry researches until the textbooks are changed again.

Pat O'Bannon has not had a square meal since his board bill became due last week.

The Dynamic Society has been honored once more. "Lengthy" Snodgrass one of our most enterprising bluffers, has been selected to represent the "Dynamites" in the now famous "Six-Ones" aggregation.

A number of our familiar faces accompanied the team to Louisville last Saturday, headquartered at the Seelbach and had their meal checks cashed by the dairy lunch queens.

The class in Kinematics will be discontinued Monday and Haynes will be deprived of his usual nap.

The Hatt has never yet been told.

—Quincy.

STATE UNIVERSITY TO DEBATE CENTRAL UNIVERSITY AT BOYLE CAPITAL

The executive committee of the Kentucky Intercollegiate Debating Association met in Lexington last Monday morning. The following members were present: Hubbard and Woods, of Georgetown College; Threlkeld and Barbee, of Transylvania; Swope and Rogers, of Central; Payne and Blevins, of Kentucky State. The date for the championship debate between Central and Kentucky was fixed for April 3rd, the debate to be held at Danville. Central will suggest the question and Kentucky have choice of sides. The Transylvania vs. Georgetown debate will be held in April at Georgetown.

The Heintz medal was adopted as the standard medal of the Association.

RAINEY, LINDSAY AND DAWSON.

These three terrors we must watch today. The first of the triumvirate has been a source of lost sleep to all the colleges of the south that have played Tennessee. The second is a Theseus withal and the third is the great man-eater, hole-buster, battering ram, piston-head of the visitor's team.

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PATT. HALL.

Miss Jeanette Bell has returned from Louisville, where she was the guest of Miss Bessie White.

Miss Lucy Shepherd will spend the holidays at the Parisian home of Miss Clara Chambers.

Miss Aubyn Chinn, who is making an extensive tour of Central Kentucky, is expected to return Thursday.

Miss Hattie Forman was the guest of relatives in Cynthiana, Saturday.

Friday evening the Alpha Gamma Delta Sorority entertained at the home of Mrs. George Roberts.

Miss Callista Bezold will be the guest of Miss Emma Mae Tutt in Frankfort, during the holidays.

Miss Helen Desha spent the week end at her home in Paris.

Miss Martha Varnon spent the week end with friends in Stanford.

Misses Elizabeth Colegrove and Lora Bell were the guests of Miss Amy Breslin at her home in Louisville, for the big game.

Miss Eethel Tolman has been forced, on account of her health, to give up her duties at school and has returned home.

Miss Anna Louis Whlworth will spend the holidays with her parents in Hardinsburg.

Miss Christine Hopkins will celebrate Thanksgiving at her home in Louisville.

Among the sick, maimed and afflicted are Misses Lila Estes, Lea Roberts and Idalina Castro.

Turkey week will bring quite a few visitors to the Hall. Some are:

Miss Lida Scott McCarty, (better known as "Scottee.")

Miss Clara Matti, (the heart breaker.)

Miss Lucile Gastineau ("Gasty," "W. C., etc.)

Miss Jacobe, (Henry's sister.)

Miss Mary Martin, (smallest school teacher on record.)

Miss Sue Lanham (the Latin shark.)

Miss Ammerman (Lols' sister—don't know her other name.)

And these not yet known quite as widely: Misses Ellen Rutter, of Leitchfield; Sadie Buck and Mary Danforth, of Hopkinsville; Sarah Dean Moorman, of Caldwell College. This gives merely a hint of the swarm of classy visitors we're expecting—there are others. Here's hoping they will like the "Hoodiums!"

HENRY CLAY LAW SOCIETY PUSHING TO THE FRONT

Under the Direction of President H. T. Hardin the Young Lawyers Continue to Build.

At the regular meeting of the Henry Clay Law Society last Monday evening the students of Jurisprudence and general law practice had the honor of hearing President Barker discuss the kindred phases of University progress. The distinguished judge dwelt upon the diversified activities of student life and sounded the doom of the College of Law to become the pride of Dixie land. There is no moiety of compromise in the coming of a better day.

Dean Lafferty urged the men to be strong in mind, heart and body and said that if President Barker continued in the University he would soon have a great school here.

At the conclusion of the Dean's per-

formance Judge Chalkley gave an interesting speech on topics of extreme interest.

Mr. A. M. Hall and Mr. Barron, of the Lexington bar, made earnest appeals of loyalty to the alma mater. Both are graduates of the Kentucky Law School.

When the speaking had quelled the members and visitors enjoyed a host of apples, nuts, bananas and cigars.

At the instance of Dock Hardin, a course in legislative procedure will be had from now until the students are completely grounded in the rules governing public bodies. Judge Chalkley will instruct.

EX-GOVERNOR CUNNINGHAM DELIGHTS THE STUDENTS

Former Governor of Alabama Gives a Pleasing and Instructive Address on the Effects of Alcohol Upon the Body.

The most pleasing speech ever heard was given in chapel last Thursday morning by Dr. Cunningham, ex-Governor of Alabama, who was attending the association of Southern physicians here last week. We were inspired and tickled to hear the eminent doctor and thank him for the kindness he showed in coming to our platform.

He told of the evil consequences of drink upon the human body and enlarged by saying that he knew both from reading and actual practice, that whiskies were harmful to the body tissues. We welcome the great friend, speaker and benefactor to come again and be as generous with his exceptional wit.

SEUMAS MACMANUS WAS A LULLABY

Seumas MacManus, of Donegal, Ireland, was heard in chapel last evening by a large and appreciative audience. His stories of fairies and folk-lore were the best we have heard of late and the lecture leader, Professor Spahr, must be congratulated for the bringing of such an unique speaker to our rostrum. He is there thanked for the lecturer last evening.

Mr. MacManus comes from the home of the caleens of Donegal. His life has been one of interest and event. His style of portrayal, his sense of effect and his handling of detail in his theme are surpassing in care and result. The students have nothing but praise for the speaker and commendation for Mr. Spahr.

Editor of The Idea.

Please announce through The Idea that a course in Practical Astronomy will be offered for the collegiate year of 1914-15. Spherical Trigonometry being required for entrance. Any one wishing to take this course in astronomy should make arrangements for the Spherical Trigonometry which is given from January to March 15th. For further information those interested should consult Dr. P. P. Boyd, or myself.

Many thanks,
H. H. DOWNING.

• + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +
• Don't forget The IDEA Dance •
• tomorrow afternoon, 2:30 to •
• 5:30, at Armory. Thomas' Sax. •
• ophone Trio. •
• + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

THE LITTLE THING.

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And the poor little darling is missed.
She doesn't know whether the sheep
has gone,
To Armour, or Morris, or Swift.

She's jilted her lover, too, they say,
But it's not so bad, please note,
Tho Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
She's got her sweetheart's "goat."

MODERN METHODS.

He turned back, a street car was coming rapidly toward him; an auto whizzed around the corner at him; dodging, he heard the whirr of a motorcycle at his left, and glancing upward an airship was speeding directly at him; dizzed completely, he stepped in a man-hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.

STUDENTS' APPLE JUDGING CONTEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Taking everything into consideration the Kentucky men did excellent work in the apple judging contest held at Washington, D. C., Nov. 19, 1913.

In the first place our boys competed against men who come from strong Horticultural Colleges. All these men have made a specialty of horticulture for the last four and some even five years. They have had not only strong training during the last four and five years at their colleges, but have also had excellent field training. Many of the contestants were brought up on commercial fruit farms and have had considerable experience in apple judging before.

The Kentucky men have had only about two months actual training. They had very little material to work on, comparing it with the equipment of the other contestants. Nevertheless our men came among the highest in actual scoring and placing but lost out on the identification of only one variety. This happened to be a variety that the boys were unable to obtain in Kentucky.

The discussion resulted as follows: Missouri, Cornell, Ames, West Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts and New Jersey. The difference between the first five was very slight, in fact there was only one-tenth of a point difference between Missouri and Cornell.

PRES. W. W. FINLEY, OF THE SOUTHERN RAILROAD, DEAD.

Many of the students who heard President Finley here a couple of years ago on our chapel platform make a wonderful address to K. S. U. students, will take seriously the death of this great southerner. He has for years been one of the masters of fortune the very ajax of southern development. The land of Dixie could better lose almost any other man.

Any man who presumes to eat the Thanksgiving dinner with its thirty parts has no stomach merely but rather a punch. Many will eat such a dinner without thought and then wonder why their digestion is not as good as his neighbor's. However, that will be a "right much" dinner.

Patronize our Advertisers.

Mechanical Engineering

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"THERMIT."

All through the hot sultry day, the passengers of the Steamer "Santon" had failed to detect even the slightest movement of the oppressive air, that surrounded the ship in a suffocating cloud. The parching heat seemed to radiate from the very surface of the Caribbean Sea, and, as the starless night settled down upon the waters an uneasy, restless feeling crept into the heart of all on board. To the inexperienced passengers, it seemed to be a vague sense of overhanging danger, but the veteran crew knew well that this sensation was caused by an overabundance of water vapor in the air, which meant, without question, an impending tempest. The smoke from the stacks, had in some way acquired weight, for, instead of rising, it seemed to drop down upon the deck, from the mouth of the stacks.

On the quarter-deck, the aged but active captain stood talking with his officers. "When I was a lad," he remarked, "such signs as these would have caused the strongest hearts to quail, for wood and sails could ill withstand the shock of the hurricane that now hangs over us. But, in these days of modern steamships, we have little to fear." He had no more than spoken when the lookout uttered a hoarse shout of alarm, and the startled engineer, down in the hold, received the terse signal to "back water under full head of steam." Across the bow passed the sulken huik of some unknown derelict of the seas. Joy and thankfulness appeared on every face. What was that! A sharp report from below, a few dull poundings, and the harmonious puff of the engine was succeeded by dismal silence. The straining steam on one side and the tugging waves on the other had proven too much, and the great crank shaft lay, broken in two, in the center. Pale-faced engineer stared at pale-faced captain. Hundreds of miles from land, more helpless than the smallest sailing vessel, they lay directly in the path of the mighty hurricane! The passengers collected in startled groups on the deck, some cursing, some praying, and some trying to discover a hope for escape. The thick darkness of the hot night was not relieved by a single visible ray of light, save the furtive flashes of the ever-near lighting.

In despairing council the captain and his officers sit in the cabin. The door opens and a small German enters and beckons to them to follow. He leads them like sheep, to the engine room, and opening a small package, he holds out a handful of a gray powder. "This powder will unite the broken ends of the shaft." A laugh breaks from the lips of all. "Fools," he shouts, "this is my life's work, 'Thermit,' the greatest invention of the age." The incredulous men about him are moved by some strange power to obey his orders.

Mechanically following instructions, the men brace together and line up the broken ends, and construct about the fracture a wooden box which they pack with sand. The inventor disappears, and returns with a suit case in which is found a funnel-shaped crucible. Placing this in the top of the sand moulds, he fills it with the gray powder and strikes a match. Officers

TO THE SCRUBS.

My heart is ever, ever, with the boys I use to know; who played on Varsity scrubs, long, long ago. I know they were never mentioned, nor received the helping hand, yet, truly brave and valiant was this little band. I have never seen them toiling, toiling, receiving kicks and blows, through the hottest kind of weather, as everybody knows. And when winter's icy blasts blew across the barren field, not once did their stout hearts let their undaunted courage yield.

I have seen them look with longing, on the day of a big game, at the hero being honored, and they remain just the same old scrub with dirty wornout clothes, tied with shoestrings, to keep together; never you mind old Scrubs, there's bound to be fair weather.

Just you keep a stout heart, maybe it will compensate to know, that without you, dear old Scrub, the Varsity would have long ago gone down to defeat and dishonored our goodly name. You're just our old Scrubs, but we love you just the same. Your compensation will come hereafter, when you reach the world of strife; for such undaunted spirits are bound to win in life.

Just you keep a stout heart and strive on just the same; though you may never be a football player, you are bound to win the game. Oh, Scrubs! Thou art duly compensated. Give thanks to your God. You of undaunted courage are the backbone of our squad.

—Contributor.

Put your idea in the Idea box and it will be a good idea for The Idea.

THE ADA MEADE.

This week's bill at the Ada Meade is up to the standard of high-class vaudeville that is being maintained at this popular playhouse.

And an especially attractive number that appeals to every student is Menio Moore's "Sorority Days," a story reminiscent of college life and ushering onto the stage three pretty young women and three handsome youngsters in the roles of college lads and lassies. It is all so real and all so pretty that even the swish of the dainty garments of the college misses brings memories and dreams.

"Jack the Giant Killer" introduces General George Ouger said to be the largest man on earth. He is said to measure seven feet and six inches from "eend to eend" and is proportionately big and scarry in voice and limb accompaniment. He is the central figure in a skit written to emphasize his remarkable dimensions, the contrast being brought out by the presence in the cast of Caroline Hass forty-one and five-eights inches short and another little one, who plays the giant killer, whose name does not appear on the bills.

Other strong acts that go to make up a well balanced program are Mile. De Vora, with her beautiful trained leopards; Daily and Sherbrook in a singing and talking act that is full of satirical comedy; Dailey and O'Brien in a "tanglefoot dance" stunt that brings applause from the back of the house clear down to the footlights.

AN IDEA FOR THE IDEA.

My idea is to boost your school
And attend all of your classes;
Get you a nice, good girl
And be polite to all the lasses.
If one girl should throw you down,
Why, just keep on a going;
You'll find one after a while
That won't do any throwing.

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who care about the style and fit of their clothes as well as getting the best value for their money ought to come here.

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See Reading Notice.

and is headed by Wilfred Clarke and Company in a one-act farce entitled "Wife for an Hour," which has been one of the greatest of the season of the Keith houses. Week before last the company played in Cincinnati and was the hit of the show. Scharf and Ramsey have been added to the bill and are announced as high class sing

ers. Tuscano Brothers do a battle ax turn that is marvelous. Another feature out of the ordinary is Norton and Nicholson in their sketch, "Ella's All Right," while the rest of the bill is composed of Stanley and Norton, Robins, the musical mimic, Landry Brothers in an acrobatic act, making an exceedingly fine holiday attraction.

